

# SONGS OF AMERICA

A Collection of

## PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL AIRS

Compiled and Arranged  
Especially for Use  
in the

School and Home

By

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## Our National Emblem.

See cover design.

### ORIGIN.

We are indebted to an English gentleman, Edward W. Tuffley, Esq., for the most trustworthy and authentic history of the origin of our Stars and Stripes. He discovered our National Emblem to have been designed from the coat of arms of the Washington family. When the Americans, in their most righteous revolt against the tyranny of the mother country, cast about for an ensign with which to distinguish themselves from their English oppressors, they adopted a modification of the old English coat of arms borne by Washington, their leader and deliverer, and they paid a well-merited compliment to the "Father of his Country" when they adopted the arms and crest of his family. From the red and white bars and the stars of his shield, and from the raven issuant of his crest, the framers of the Constitution gained the idea of the Stars and Stripes and the spread eagle of our National Emblem.

### HISTORY.

It is a fact not generally known that, although the United States is the youngest of the great nations of the world, its flag is older than that of any other nation.

#### OUR FIRST NATIONAL FLAG, JUNE 14, 1777.

On June 14, 1777, Congress adopted the resolution that the flag of the thirteen United States, be thirteen stripes, alternating red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field. This is the first recorded legislative action for the adoption of a *national* flag, and it was the first Emblem to be officially recognized by the thirteen States of the Union. The 14th day of June, therefore, is known as Flag Day and was first observed as such in 1893.

#### OUR FLAG OF TO-DAY.

By an act of Congress, April 4, 1818, the Flag of the United States was established. By this act, it was provided that the thirteen alternate red and white stripes of the original flag of 1777 should represent the thirteen original states, and that each new state thereafter admitted to the Union should be represented by the addition of a star. The additional stars on our flag of to-day mark the increase of the states since that time.

At the beginning of, and during the Civil War, there was not a thread of American bunting in existence. All bunting flags were made from English bunting. Gen. Ben. F. Butler of Lowell, Mass., was the first manufacturer of American bunting, and Feb. 21, 1866, he presented the first real, genuine American Flag to the United States senate. It was unfurled for the first time, Feb. 24, 1866.

The distinction of having made the first Flag belongs to Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia, Pa., who, working under the personal supervision of Gen. Washington, completed her task, June 7, 1777.

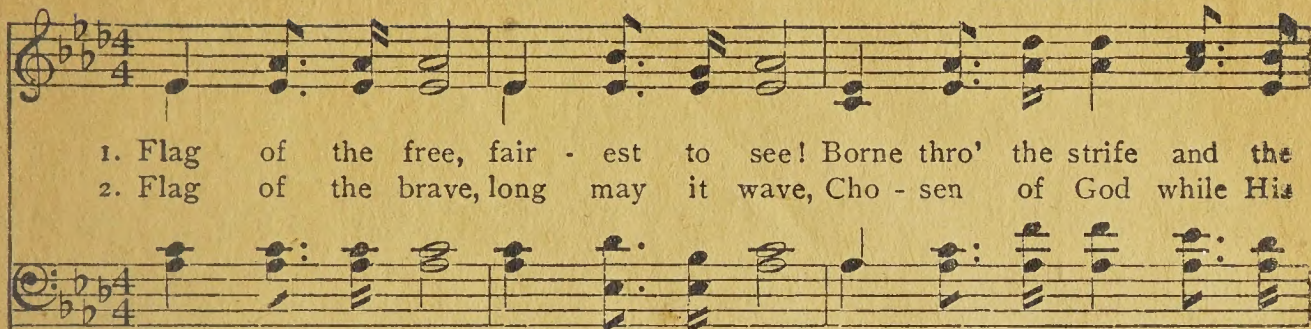


# FLAG OF THE FREE.

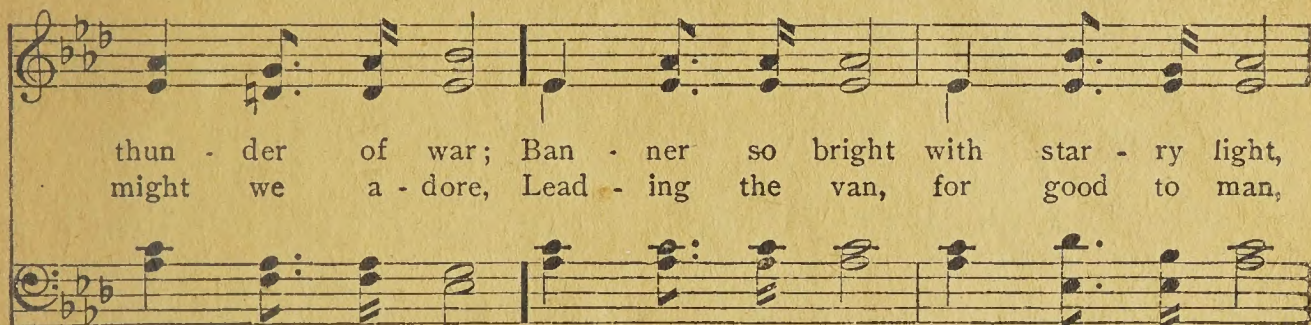
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March from "Lohengrin."

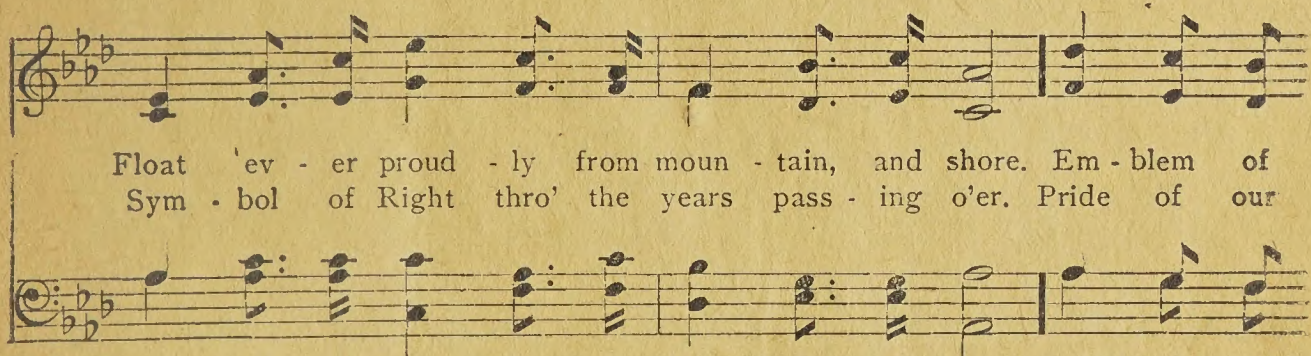
R. WAGNER.



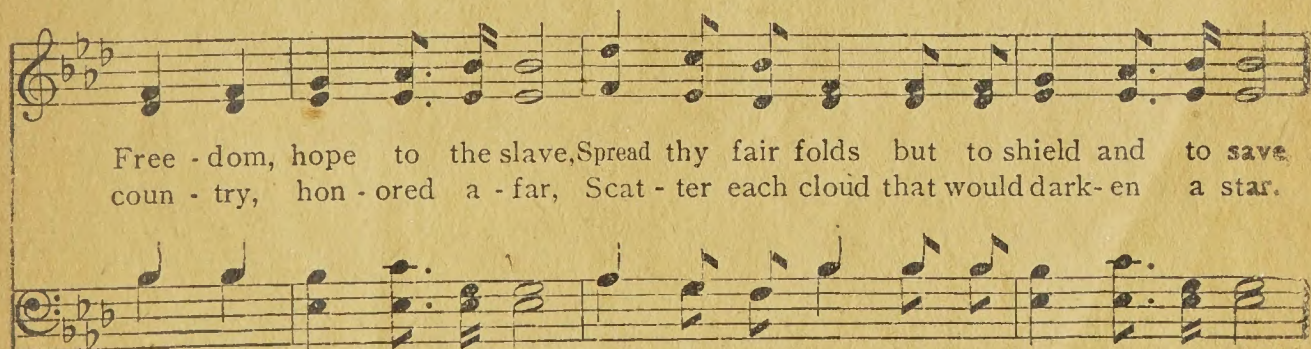
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the  
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho - sen of God while His



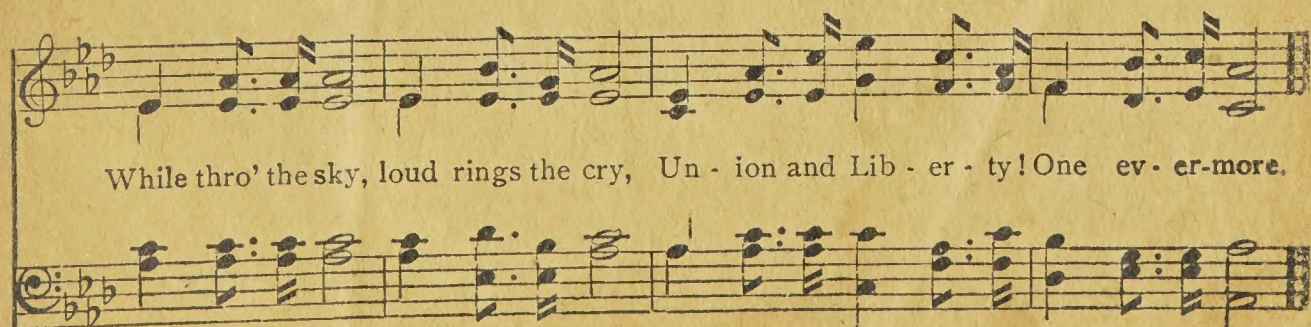
thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,  
might we a - dore, Lead - ing the van, for good to man,



Float 'ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain, and shore. Em - blem of  
Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er. Pride of our



Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save  
coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star.



While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! One ev - er - more.



## The Star-Spangled Banner.

The author of this soul inspiring lyric, Francis Scott Key, was born Aug. 9, 1780, at Terra Rubra, Carroll County, Maryland, and died in Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1843. Mr. Key was a lawyer by profession, and the song which has immortalized his name and become national was inspired, and written by him while a prisoner on board the "Minden." He was witnessing the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Md., by the British, between midnight and dawn of Sept. 13, 1814, and the scene made his heart sick with anxiety. The warm patriotism breathed in the song is not the offspring of fancy or mere sentiment or of poetic imagination. He describes what he actually saw in the dim light of the morning, and tells how he felt when he could not see the flag through the smoke of battle, and what his feelings were when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his throbbing heart and filled his soul with thankfulness to the Divine hand that turned the tide of battle for Liberty.

The song was first published Sept. 21, 1814, in the *Baltimore American*, and immediately caught the popular fancy. The music, to which it was at once adapted, is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon," and afterwards in America as "Adams and Liberty."

The following verse (5th) was later added to the song by Dr. O. W. Holmes:

5 When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,  
 If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,  
 Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile  
 The flag or her stars and the page of her story!  
 By the millions unchain'd who our birthright have gain'd,  
 We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
 While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

## In Praise of the Flag.

"I rejoice in nothing more than in this movement, recently so prominently developed, of placing a starry banner above every school house. I have been charged with too sentimental appreciation of the flag. I will not enter upon any defence. God pity the American citizen who does not love it, who does not see in it the story of our great free institutions, and the hope of the home as well as the nation." *Benjamin Harrison.*

"We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." *Rufus Choate.*

"We believe that we have a government and flag worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for." *U. S. Grant.*

"With patriotism in our hearts and with the flag of our country in the hands of our children there is no danger of anarchy and there will be no danger to the Union." *Wm. McKinley.*

"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." *Gen. J. A. Dix.*

If in love for our country you share,  
 And "The Star-spangled banner" are versed in,  
 You will know where the "bombs burst in air,"  
 'Twas a national air they burst in.

*Judge.*

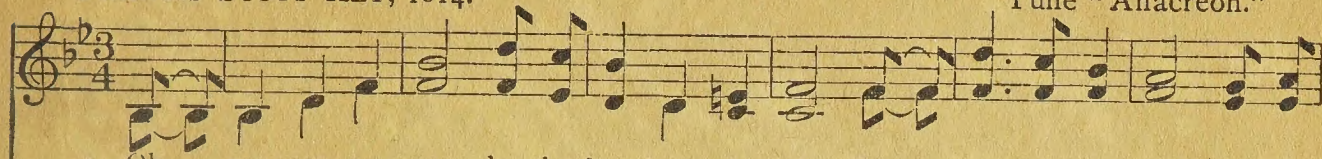


# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

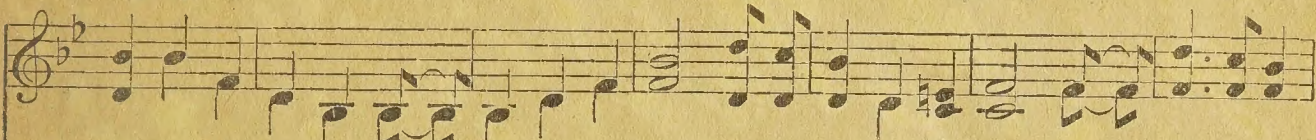
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FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

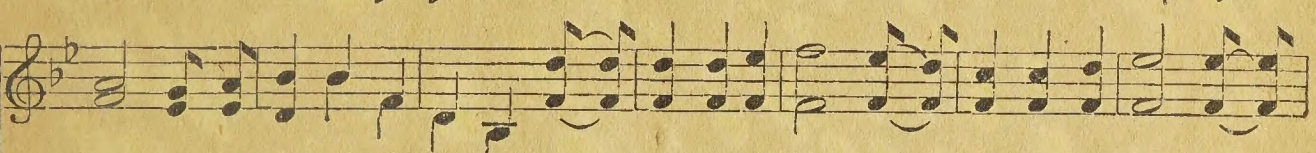
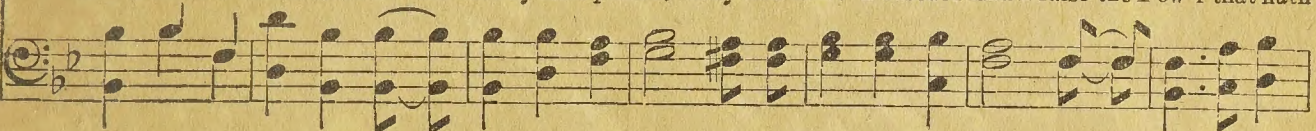
Tune "Anacreon."



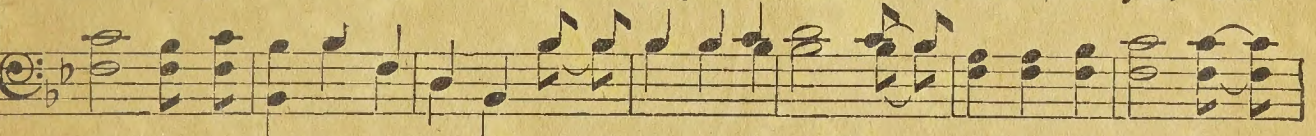
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dim-ly seen, thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild



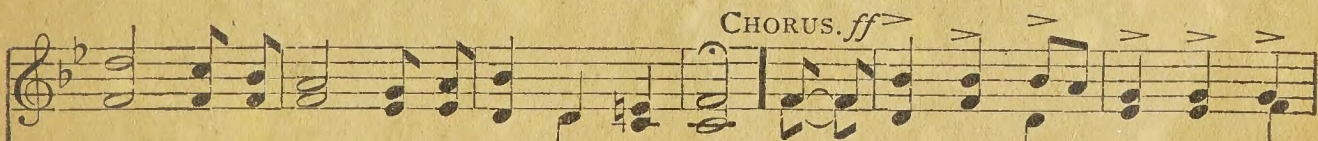
twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we  
si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er - ing steep, As it fit - ful-ly  
bat-tle's con-fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their blood has washed  
war's des-o - lation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath



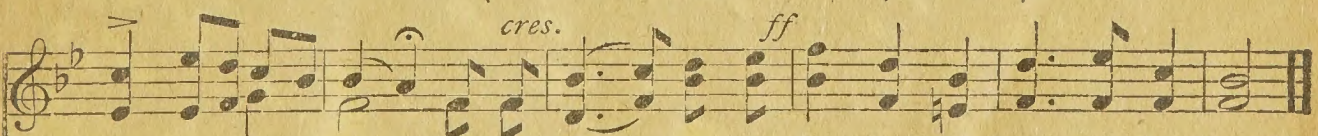
watched, were so gal-lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air Gave  
blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full  
out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the  
made and preserved us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, When our cause it is just, And



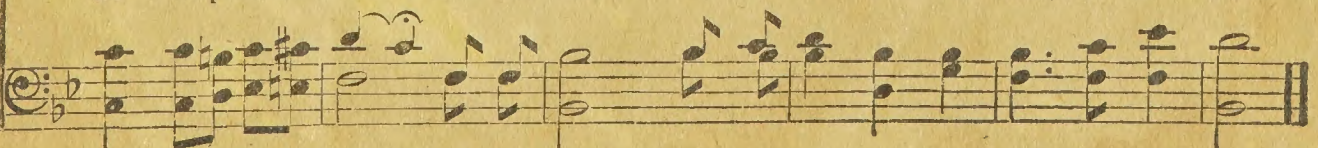
CHORUS. *ff*



proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled  
glo - ry re-lect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span - gled ban-ner; oh,  
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star-span - gled ban-ner in  
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span - gled ban-ner in



ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



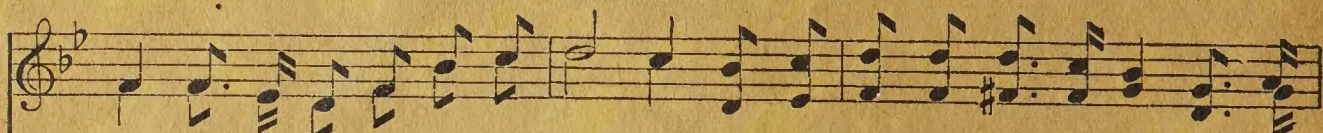


## THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

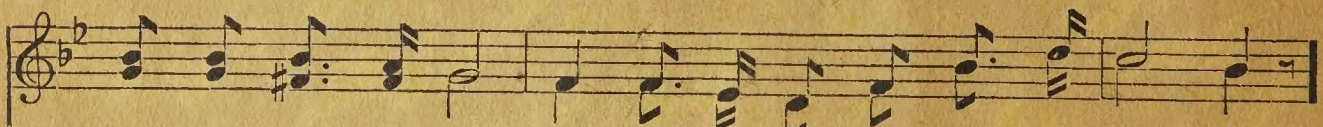
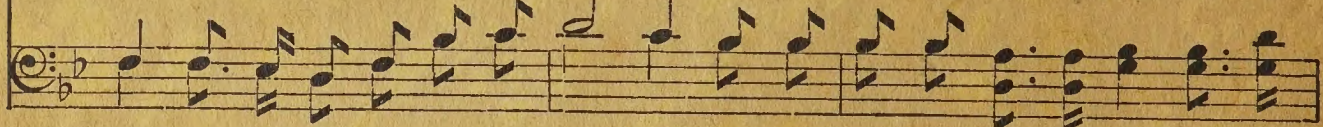
Words and music by GEO. F. ROOT



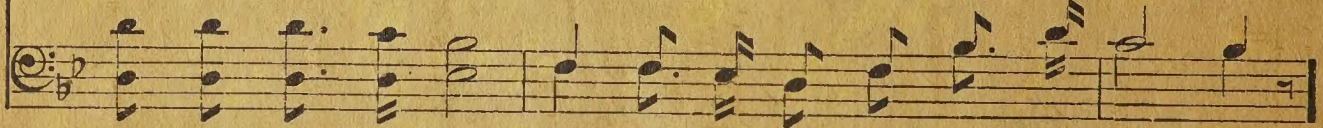
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring-ing to the call of our Broth - ers gone be - fore,
3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al, true and brave,



Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom; We will ral - ly from the hill-side, we'll  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom; And we'll fill the va-cant ranks with a  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom; And al-tho' they may be poor not a



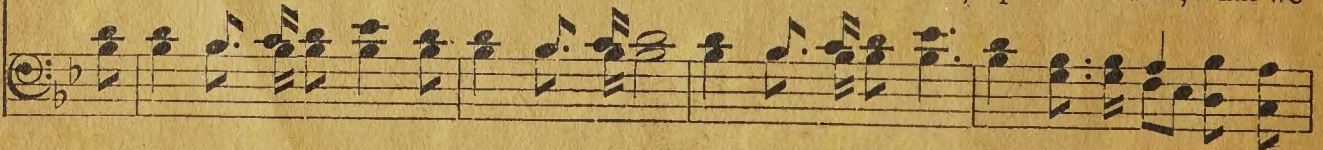
gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.  
 mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.  
 man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.



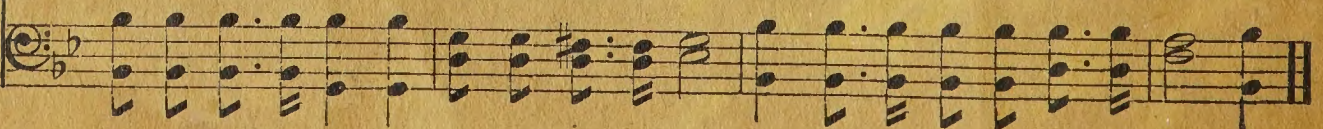
CHORUS.  
*Fortissimo.*



The Un-ion for-ev - er, Hur-rah! boys, Hurrah! down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we



ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Rally once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle - cry of Free-dom.





# America.

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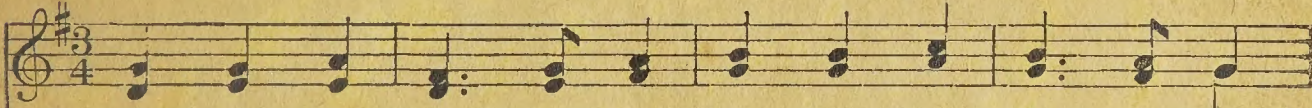
"America" was written by Rev. S. F. Smith, while a student at Andover Theological Seminary, in 1832. The melody is that of a German hymn, composer unknown. In some collections of patriotic music, Henry Carey is credited as the composer, while in other collections the credit is given to T. Dwight. The simplicity and easy movement of the hymn, however, appealed to Mr. Smith and, under the inspiration of the moment, he seized a scrap of waste paper and put upon it in less than half an hour the verses substantially as they stand today. The young student had no idea at the time how much he had done for his country,

The hymn was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. It has since been sung in every country of the world, the latest translation being into the Hebrew. To quote the words of Mr. Smith, "I rejoice if the expression of my own sentiments and convictions still finds an answering chord in the hearts of my countrymen."

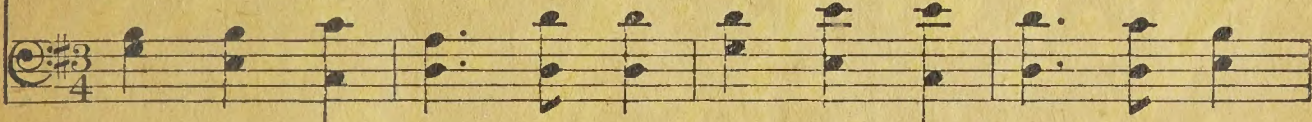
## AMERICA.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

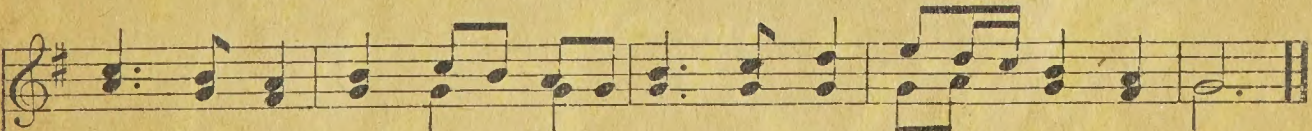
Composer of music Unknown.



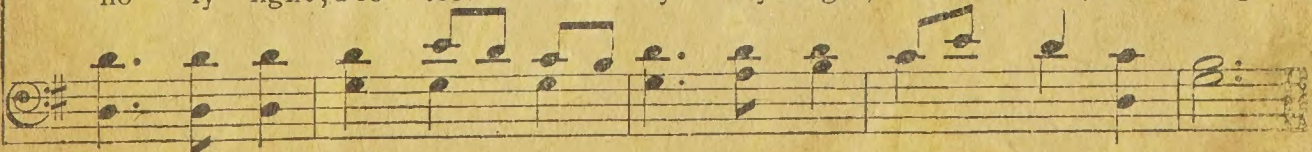
1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,  
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,




Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.





## Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.

President Lincoln's address, when the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., was dedicated November 19, 1863, was in these memorable words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come here to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

The world will little note, or long remember, what we *say* here; but it can never forget what they *did* here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have, thus far, so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

## Extracts from other Addresses of Lincoln.

"God must like the common people, or he would not have made so many of them."

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you—the people—, and not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office seekers, but with you, is the question; shall the Union, and shall the liberties of the country be preserved to the latest generation."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

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## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

This song was inspired by a visit of Mrs. Howe to the soldiers' camps around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capitol, early in the Civil War. The composer of the music is unknown.



# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

11

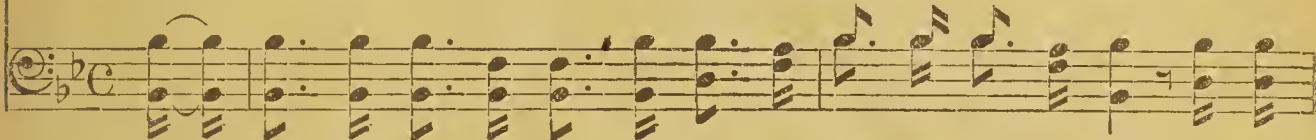
JULIA WARD HOWE.

Air: "John Brown's Body."

*Allegretto.*



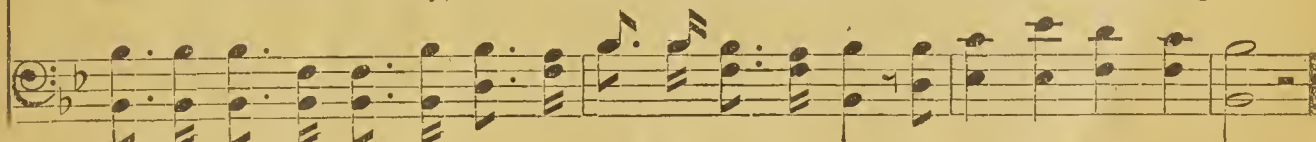
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored: He hath  
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can  
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the  
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat! O be  
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



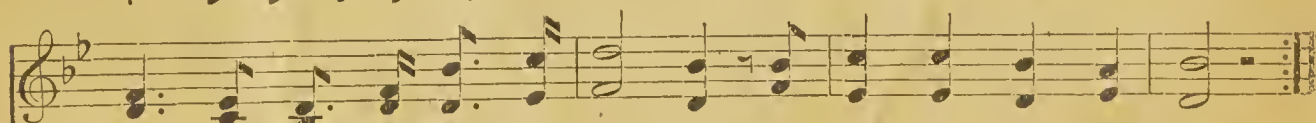
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.  
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.  
He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is marching on.  
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.  
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.



CHORUS *Vivace*



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.





## HAIL, COLUMBIA.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

PHYLA.

1. Hail, Co-lum - bia! Hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heav'n-born band! Who  
2. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause; And  
thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let

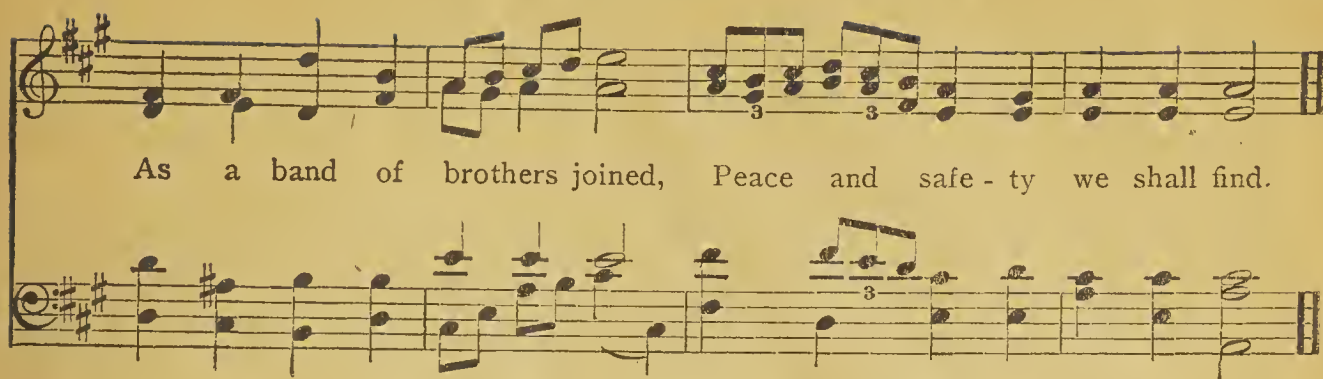
when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your  
ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a

val - or won; Let in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful  
joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the

what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar  
fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guides with ease The hap - pier time of

reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty!  
hon - est peace. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty!





## The Story of "Hail, Columbia."

### ORIGIN OF THE TUNE, "THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH."

In 1798, Professor Phyla, a local band leader, hearing that General Washington was to be inaugurated in New York, visited the committee having the arrangements in charge and asked that his band be given the honor of leading the procession. His request was granted. Highly elated at his success, he returned to his home, where, under the inspiration of the moment, he composed the tune which he named "The President's March." It was played in public for the first time while his band was escorting the procession to the Sub Treasury, where Washington took the oath of office.

### ORIGIN OF THE SONG, "HAIL, COLUMBIA."

Shortly after the inauguration of President Washington, a war with France was thought to be inevitable. Patriotic spirit was high among all classes. In Philadelphia, a young man who had some talent as a singer announced a benefit to be given in one of the local theatres. He was acquainted with Judge Hopkinson, and, being discouraged at his prospect of success, called on him and stated that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of "The President's March," then quite popular, he might depend on a large audience. The Judge replied that he would try to furnish one. The next afternoon the young man called again and the text was handed him. The song, being advertised, attracted an audience that filled the theatre to excess, and, after being sung, was repeatedly encored, the audience joining later in the chorus. It was sung in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including Members of Congress, and found favor with all parties, as no one could disavow its sentiments.



## MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

J. R. RANDALL.

Air: German Folk Song.

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thy  
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thou  
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Tho'  
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! The

gleam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Re -  
 wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Bet -  
 thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! For  
 Old Line bu - gle, fife, and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Come

mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And  
 ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than  
 life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And  
 to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And

all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

## Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

This song is also known as "The Red, White and Blue." It was written and composed by David T. Shaw, under the title of "Columbia, the Land of the Brave," and was published in 1843. Though the name and idea seem to have originated with Shaw, an American, the words and music, as now printed and sung, are conceded to Thomas A. Beckett, an Englishman. It was sung for the first time in the fall of 1843, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.



# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

DAVID T. SHAW.

THOMAS A. BECKETT.

15

*Spirited.*

1. Oh, Co-lumbia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The
3. The star-spangled ban-ner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy  
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the  
wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

man-dates make he-ros as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy  
gar-lands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
ser - vice u - nit - ed, ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When  
flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The  
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

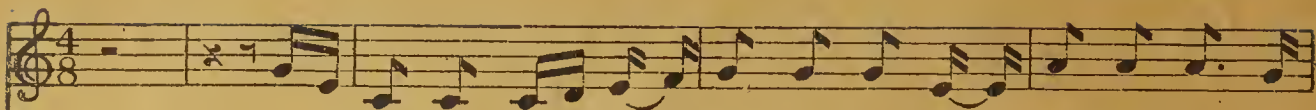
borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

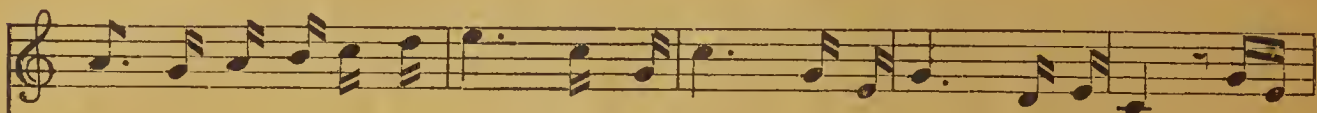
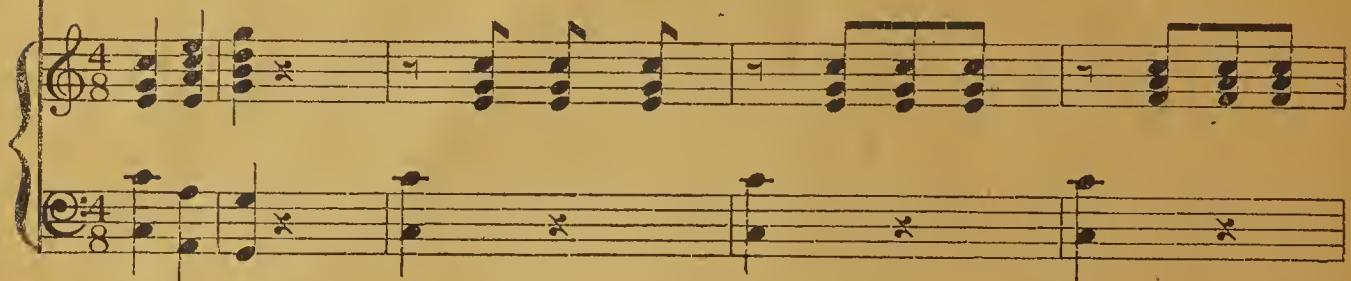


## DIXIE'S LAND.

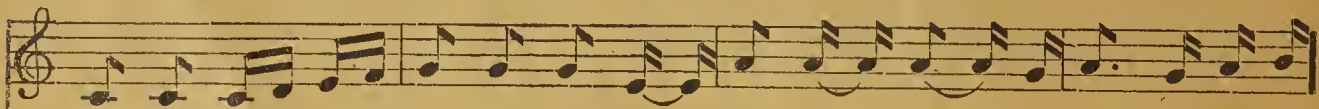
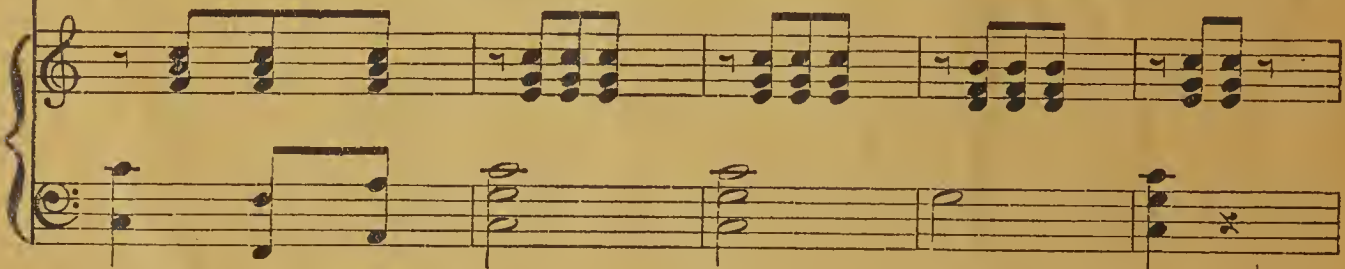
DAN EMMET.



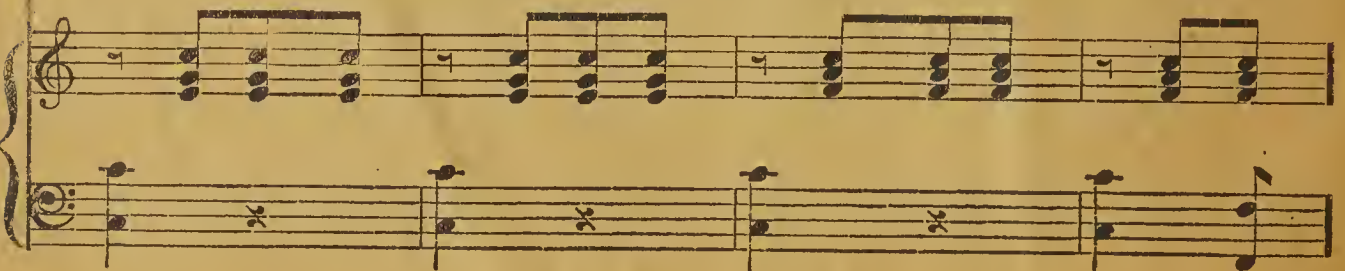
1. I wish I was in th' land of cot - ton, Old times there are
2. Old Mis - sis mar - ried "Will th' wea - ver," Wil - liam was a
3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ver, But that did not
4. Now here's a health to 'th next old Mis - ses, An' all the girls that
5. There's buckwheat cakes and In - dian bat - ter, Makes you fat or a



not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In  
 gay de - ceiv - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But  
 seem to griev - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old  
 want to kiss us; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But  
 lit - tle fat - ter; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Then



Dix - ie Land where I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morning;  
 when he put his arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pounder,  
 Mis - ses act - ed th' fool - ish part, And died for a man that broke her heart,  
 if you want to, drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear this song to - morrow,  
 hoe it down and scratch your grav - el, To Dix - ie's land I'm bound to trav - el,





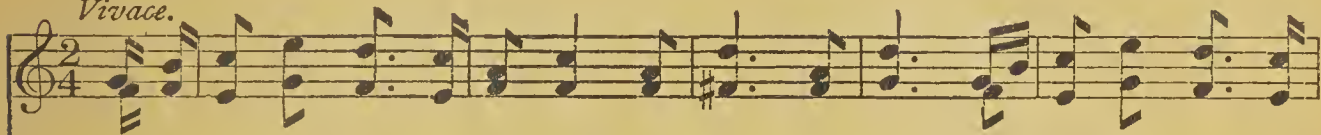


Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

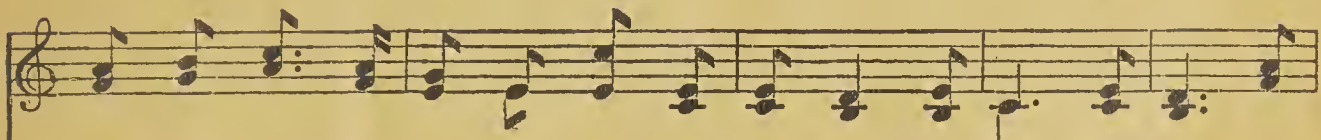


CHORUS.

*Vivace.*



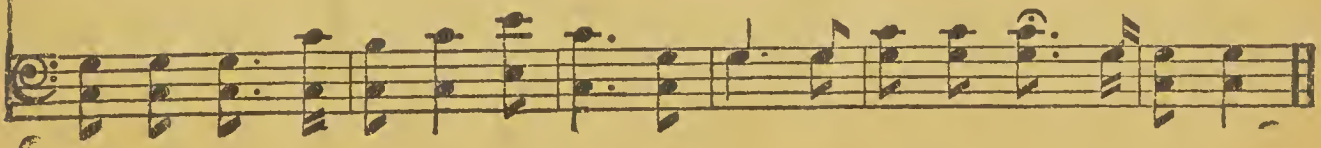
Then I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll



take my stand, To live and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, a -



way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, a - way down south in Dix - ie.





## Yankee Doodle.

This time-honored song seems to be a musical vagabond and is wrapt in obscurity. While Yankee Doodle is national property, it is not a literary treasure. No true born American, however, is ashamed of the song.

In May, 1755, the British army lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, awaiting reinforcements. During the month of June, the motley crowd of raw recruits poured into camp, each man differently armed and equipped from his neighbors. They presented a spectacle that greatly amused the British officers, and one of them, Dr. Shuchburg, a joke-loving surgeon, gravely dedicated this song to them. To the great amusement of the British the joke took and the song seemed to be the exclusive property of the British. Twenty-six years later, however, Cornwallis marched to this same tune into the lines of the Continentals to surrender his sword and his army.

Since the War for Independence, many verses have been written and added to the song. The credit for the best and most original work in this direction, however, belongs to George P. Morris, who wrote the following lines under the title of "Origin of Yankee Doodle."

1. Once on a time old Johnny Bull  
Flew in a raging fury,  
And said that Jonathan should have  
No trial, sir, by jury.

CHO. Yankee Doodle keep it up, etc.

2. That no elections should be held,  
Across the briny waters,  
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea  
Of all his sons and daughters."

CHO.

3. Then down he sat in burly state,  
And bluster'd like a grandee,  
And in derision made a tune  
Called "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

CHO.

4. "Yankee Doodle," these are facts —  
"Yankee Doodle Dandy  
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax,—  
Yankee Doodle Dandy."

CHO.

5. John sent the tea from o'er the sea,  
With heavy duties rated;  
But whether Hyson or Bohea,  
I never heard it stated.

CHO.

6. Then Jonathan to pout began,  
He laid a strong embargo,  
"I'll drink no tea, dear sir!" so he  
Threw overboard the cargo.

CHO.

7. Then Johnny sent a regiment,  
Big words and looks to bandy,  
Whose martial band, when near the land,  
Play'd "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

CHO.

8. "Yankee Doodle," keep it up!  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.  
"I'll poison with a tax your cup,—  
Yankee Doodle Dandy."

CHO.

9. A long war then they had in which  
John Bull was at last defeated,  
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march  
To which his troops retreated.

CHO.

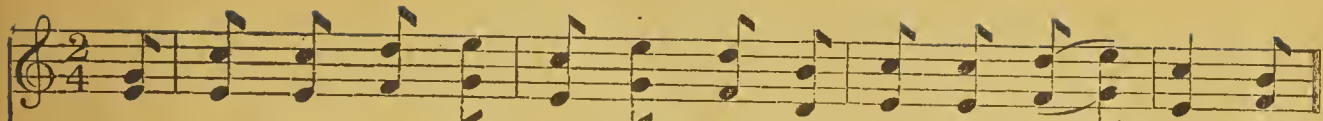
10. Cute Jonathan to see them fly,  
Could not restrain his laughter;  
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T,  
I'll sing it ever after."

CHO.

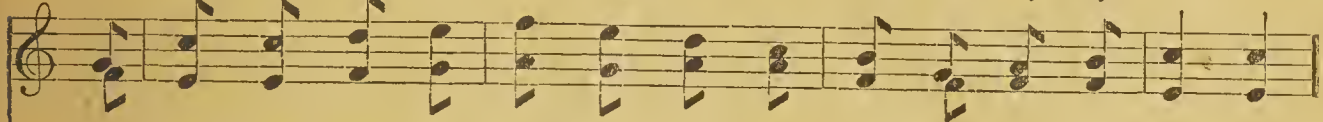


# YANKEE DOODLE.

19



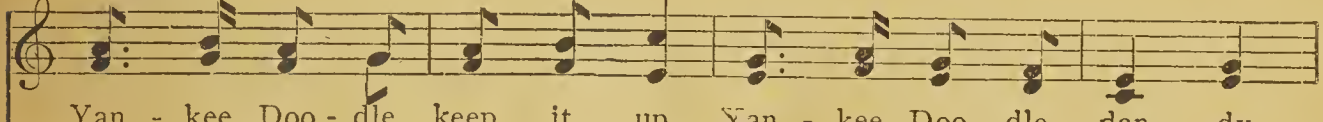
1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - win,
2. And there we saw a thousand men As rich as Squire Da - vid ;
3. And there was Gen - 'ral Wash - ing - ton Up - on a snow-white charg - er ;



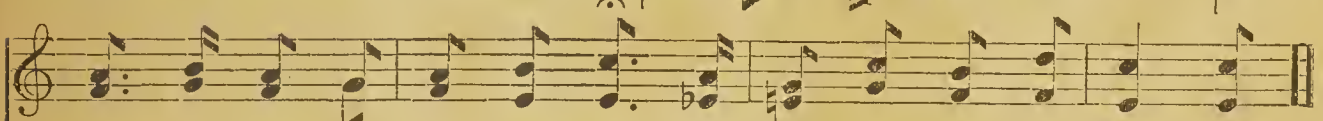
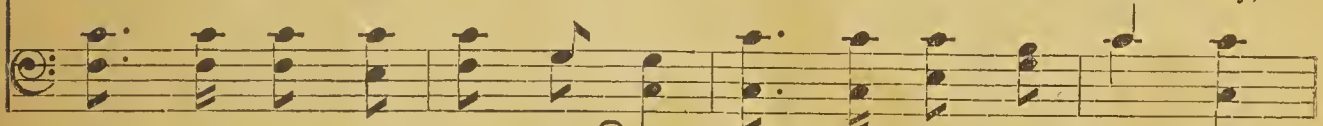
And there we see the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - ding.  
And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
He looked as big as all out doors, Some thought he was much larg - er.



## CHORUS.



Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.



4 And there they had a copper gun,  
Big as a log of maple,  
They tied it to a wooden cart,  
A load for father's cattle.

5 And every time they shoot it off,  
It takes a horn of powder,  
And makes a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.

6 I went as nigh to it myself  
As Jacob's underpinin',  
And father went as nigh again—  
I tho't the deuce was in him.

7 And there I saw a little keg  
All bound around with leather,  
They beat it with two little sticks,  
To call the men together.

8 And then they'd fife away like fun,  
And play on corn stalk fiddles,  
And some had ribbons red as blood,  
All bound around their middles.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up,  
And fire right in our faces ;  
It scared me almost half to death  
To see them run such races.

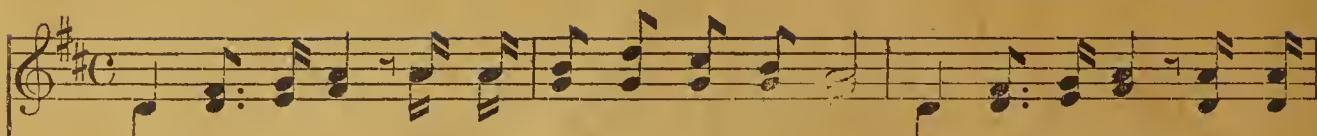
10 Uncle Sam came there to change  
Some pancakes and some onions,  
For 'lasses cakes to carry home  
To give his wife and young ones.

11 But I can't tell you half I see,  
They kept up such a smother ;  
So I took my hat off, made a bow,  
And scampered home to mother.

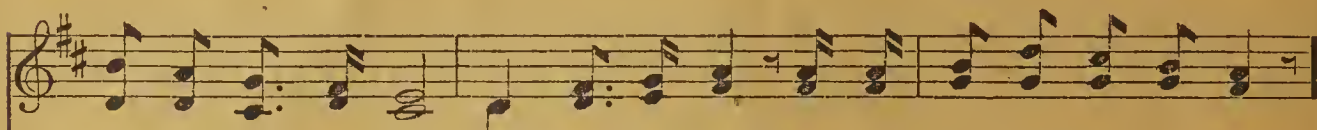


# OLD BLACK JOE.

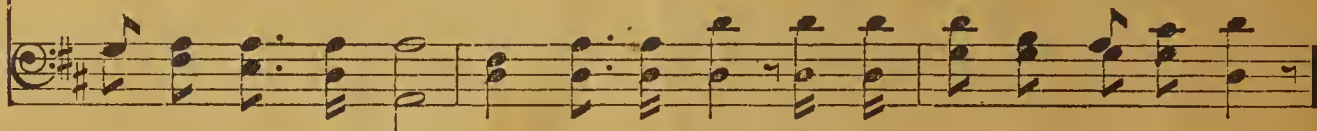
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



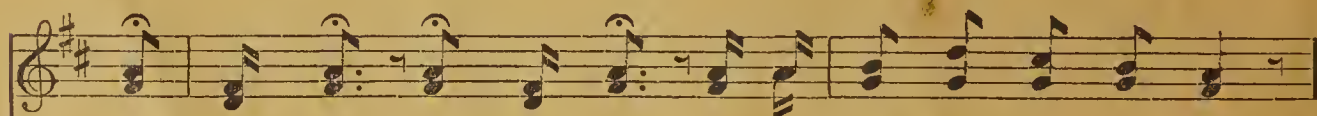
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free! Chil - dren so dear, that I



cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a "bet - ter" land, I know,  
friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?  
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;



I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."





# LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

(SONG FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.)

81

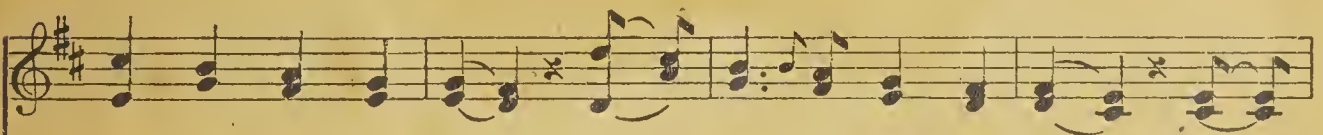
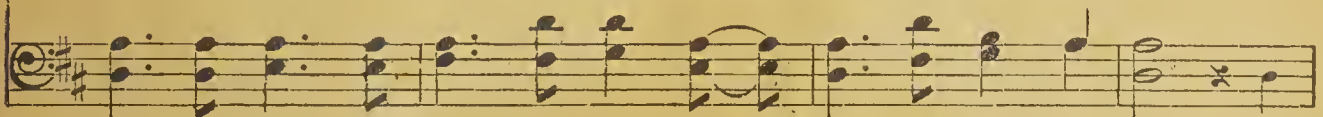
FELICIA HEMANS.



1. The break - ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast, The  
2. Not as the con-queror comes, They, the true-heart - ed, came; Not  
3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea! The  
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine? The



woods against a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch-es toss'd; The  
with the roll of stir - ring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame; Not  
sound - ing ailes of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free. The  
wealth of the seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine; Ay,



heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a  
as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear; They  
o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the  
call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod! They have



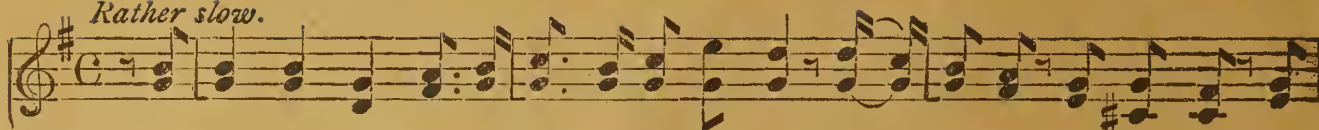
band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.  
shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of loft - y cheer.  
rock - ing pines of the for - est roared, This was their wel - come home!  
left un-stained what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God.



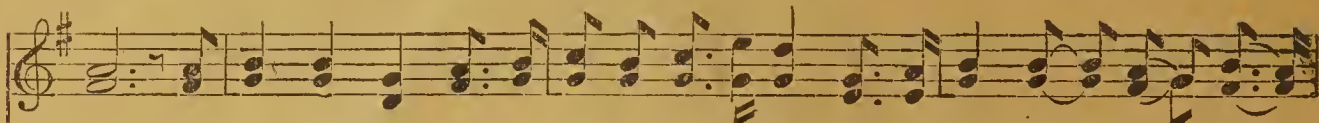


## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

S. FOSTER.

*Rather slow.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may



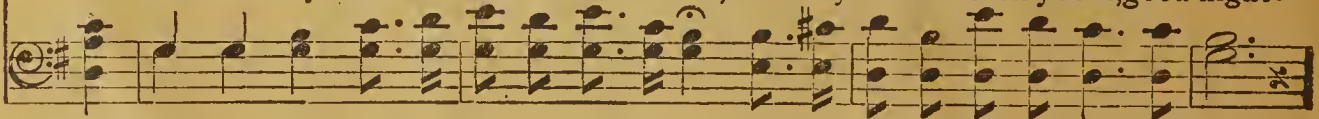
gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes



day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow, where all was de-light; grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, t'will nev-er be light;



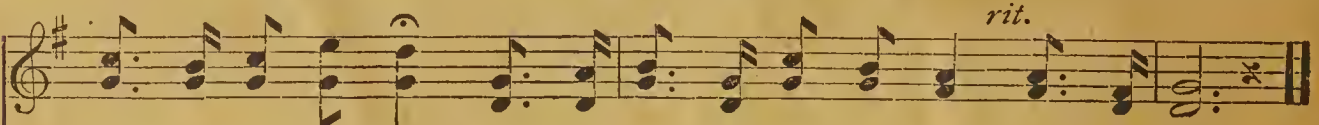
By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!  
The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!  
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!



## CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.





# Home, Sweet Home.

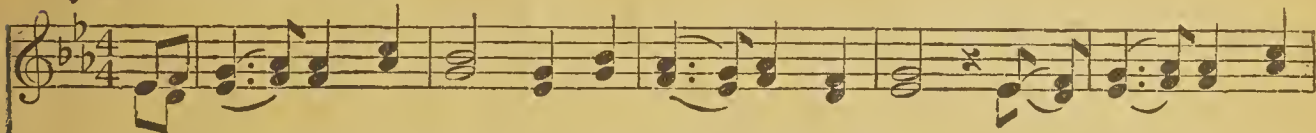
23

The author of this beautiful song, John Howard Payne, was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, Algeria, April 10, 1852.

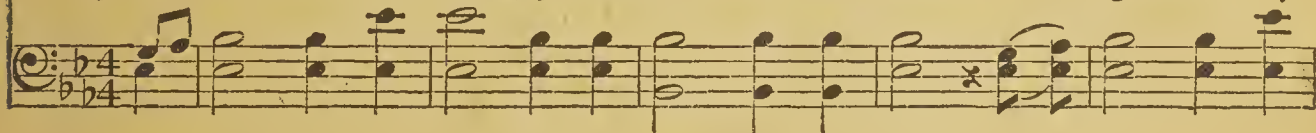
Originally, the song which the world has taken to its heart because of its simplicity and tenderness, was part of an opera entitled "Clari, The Maid of Milan." It was written while the author was a wanderer in England, and was first sung in Covent Garden Theatre, London. The melody is an old Sicilian Air.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

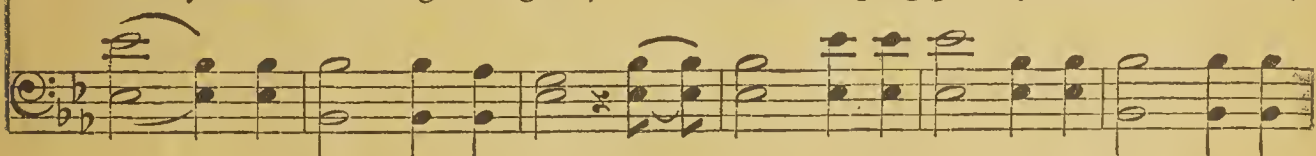
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; O . . give me my



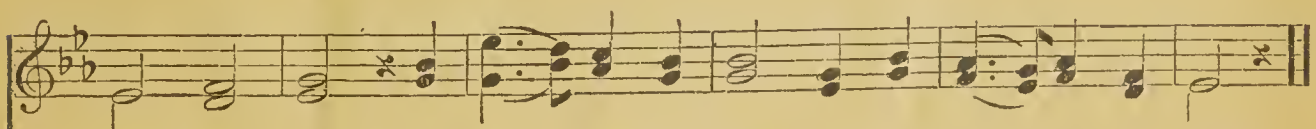
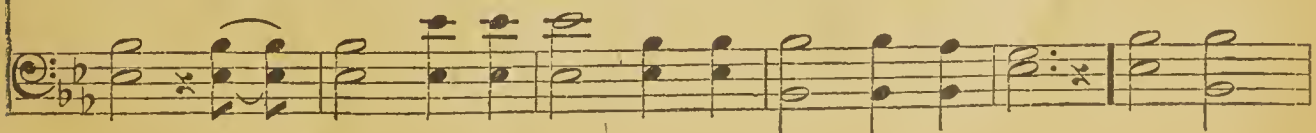
hum - ble, there's no place like home; A . . charm from the skies seems to hal - low us  
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage  
low - ly thatched cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my



REFRAIN.



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,  
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more.  
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.



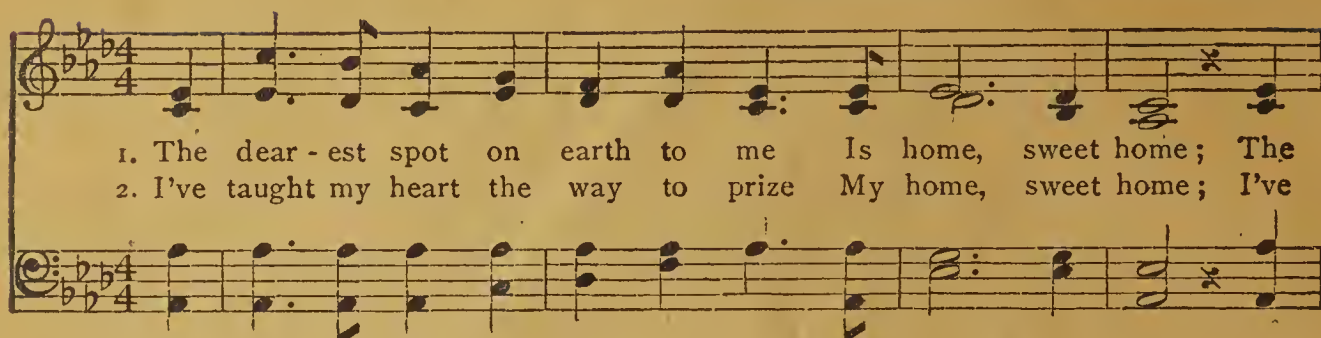
sweet, sweet home, There's no . . place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.



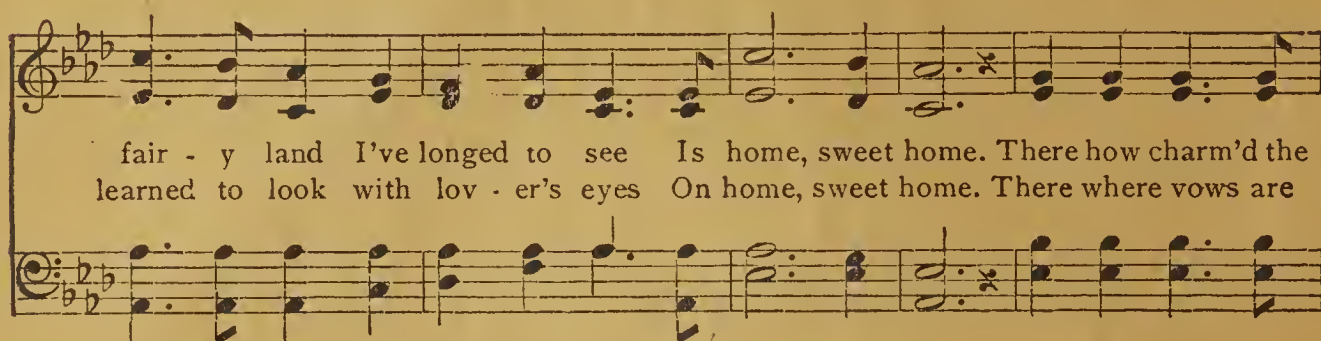


# THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH.

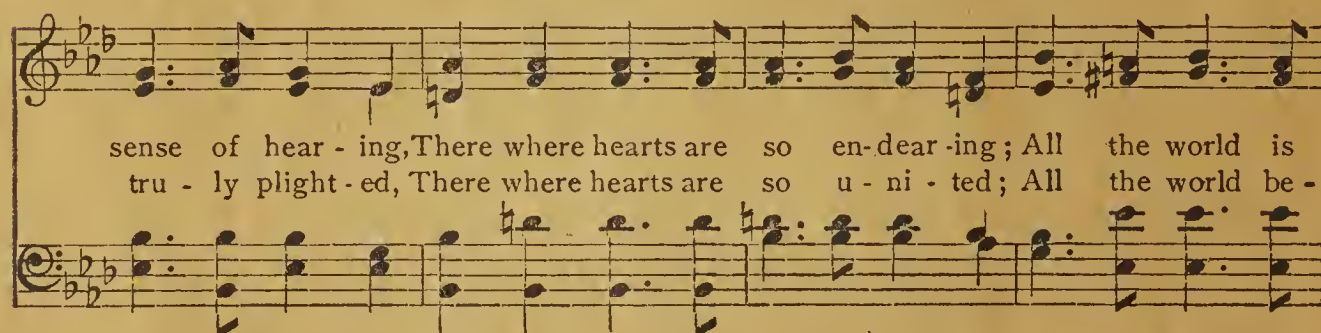
Words and Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.



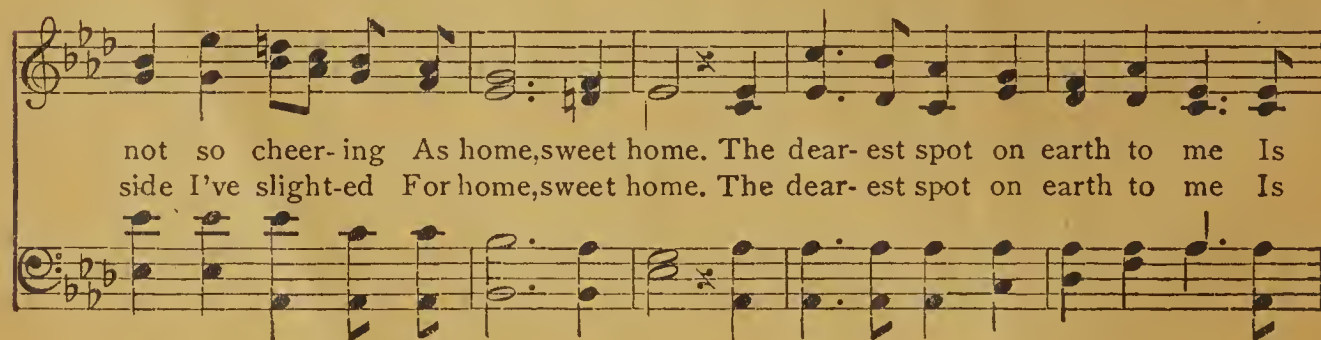
1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The  
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've



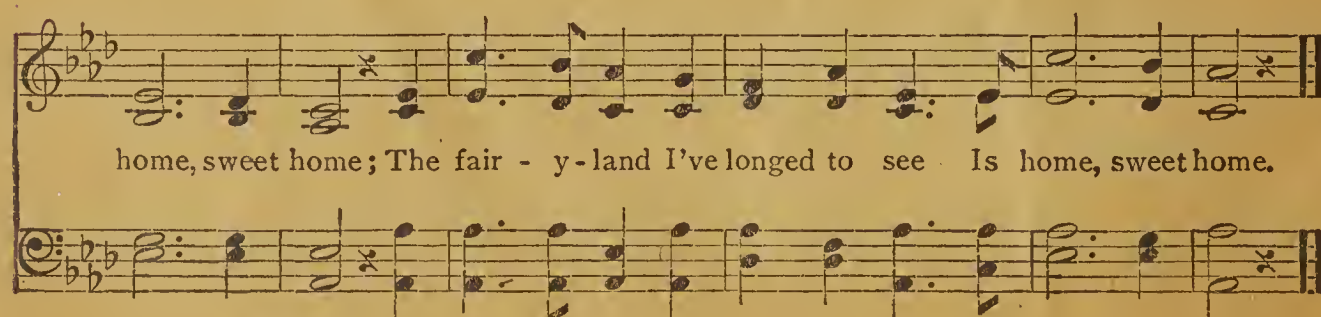
fair - y land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the  
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are



sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing; All the world is  
tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted; All the world be -



not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is  
side I've slight - ed For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is



home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

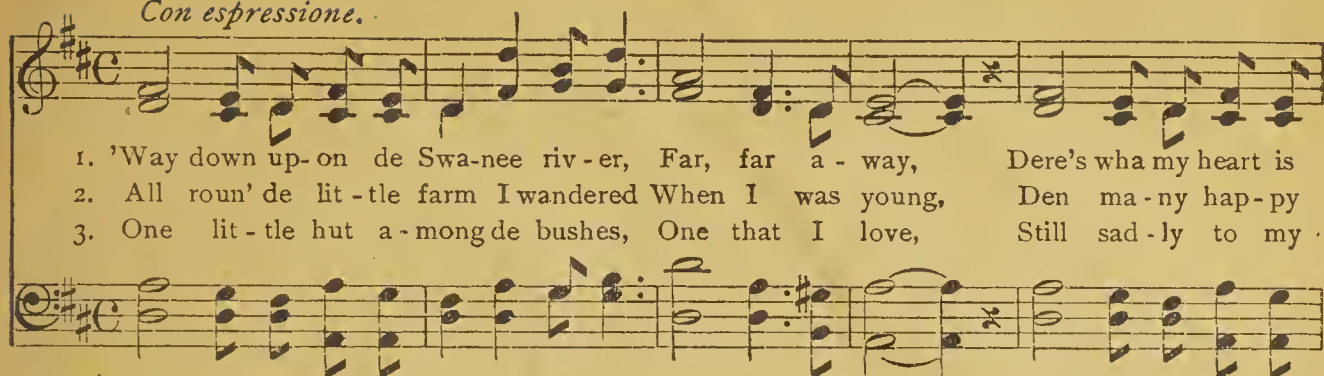


# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

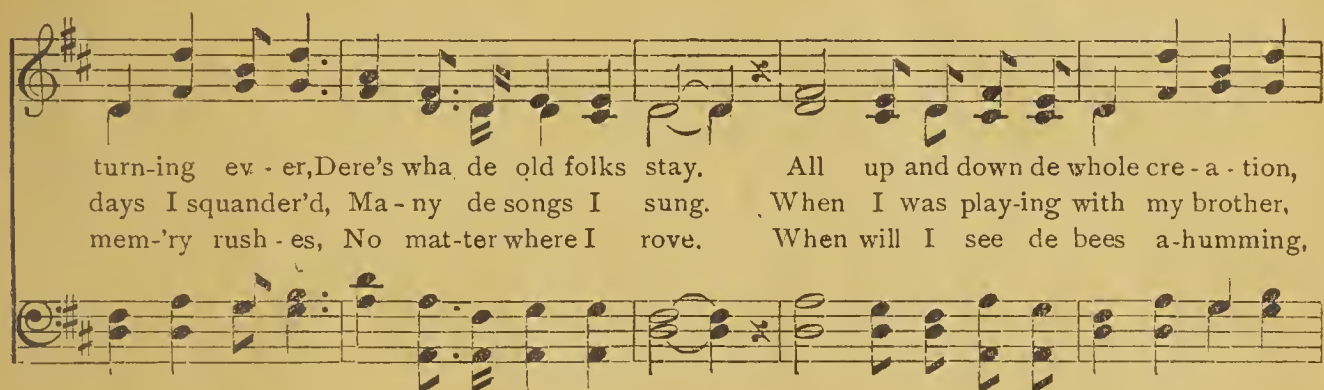
(S'WANEE RIVER.)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

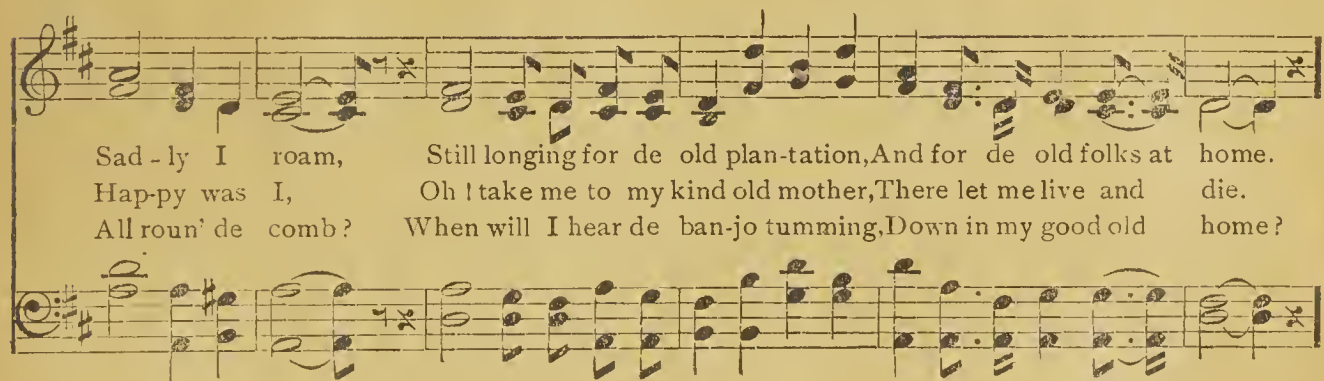
*Con espressione.*



1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is  
 2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py  
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bushes, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

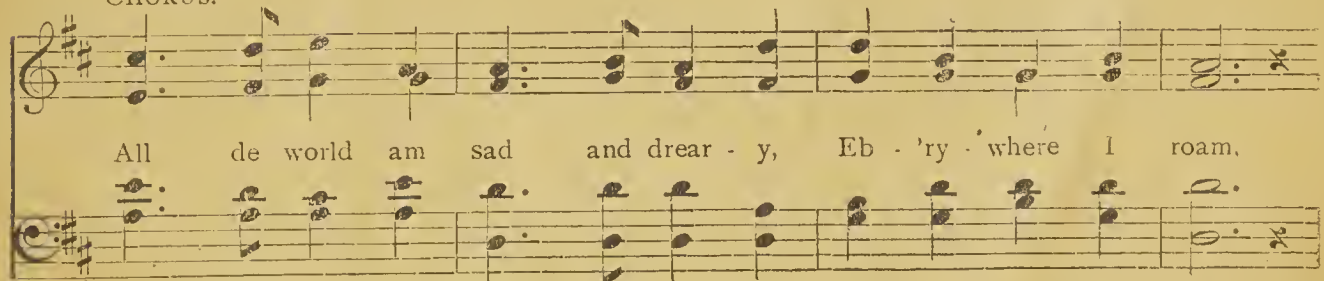


turn-ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,  
 days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung. When I was play-ing with my brother,  
 mem-'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a-humming,

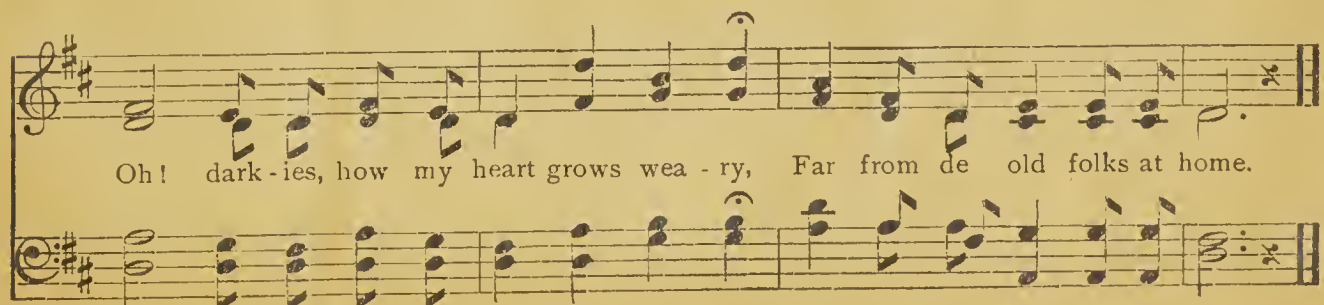


Sad - ly I roam, Still longing for de old plan-tation, And for de old folks at home.  
 Happy was I, Oh I take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.  
 All roun' de comb? When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

## CHORUS.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam.



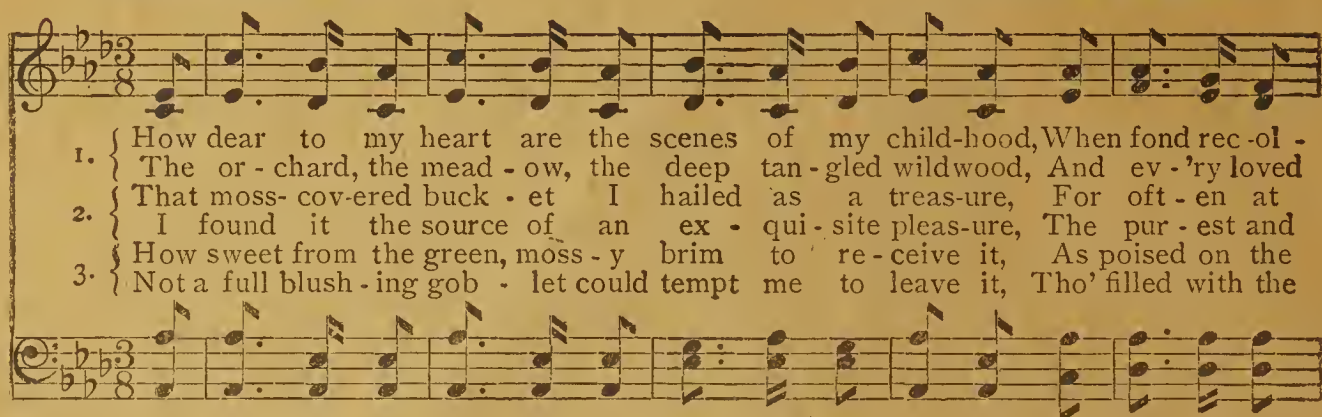
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.



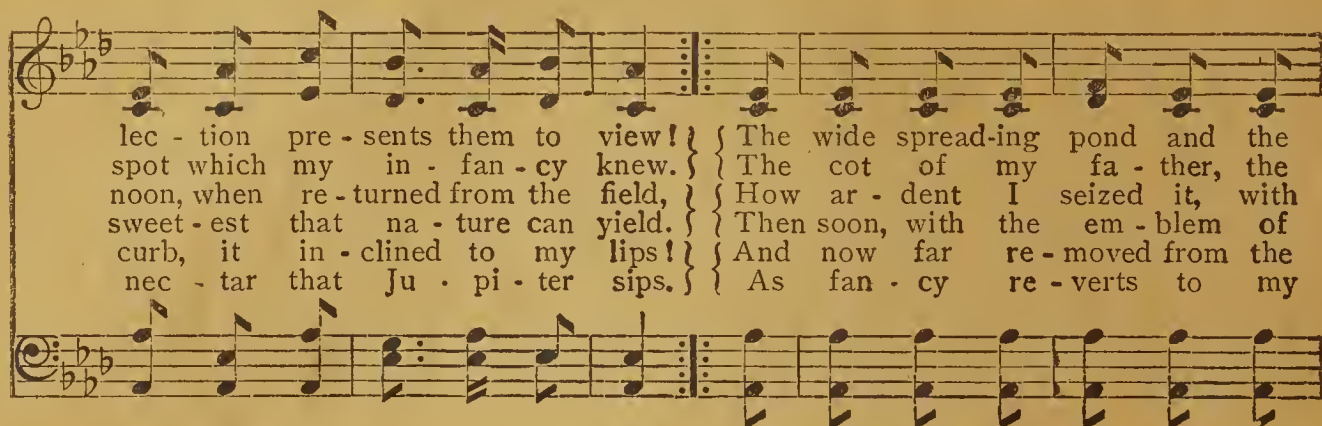
## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

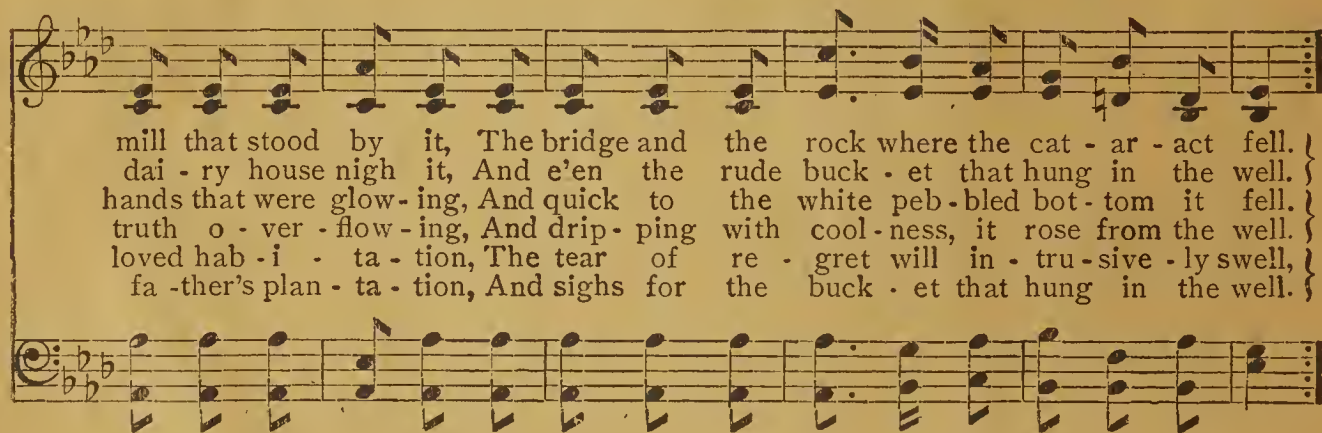
Air: "Araby's Daughter."



1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wildwood, And ev - 'ry loved  
2. { That moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For oft - en at  
I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and  
3. { How sweet from the green, moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As poised on the  
Not a full blush - ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the

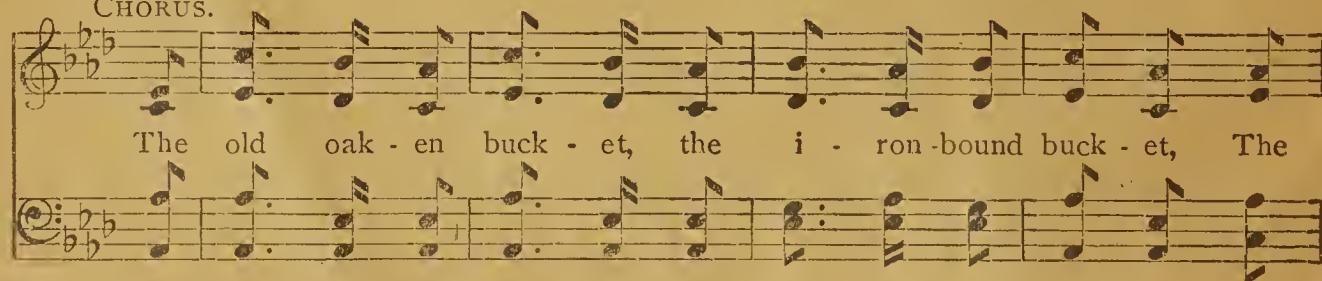


lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } { The wide spread - ing pond and the  
spot which my in - fan - cy knew. } { The cot of my fa - ther, the  
noon, when re - turned from the field, } { How ar - dent I seized it, with  
sweet - est that na - ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the em - blem of  
curb, it in - clined to my lips! } { And now far re - moved from the  
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. } { As fan - cy re - verts to my

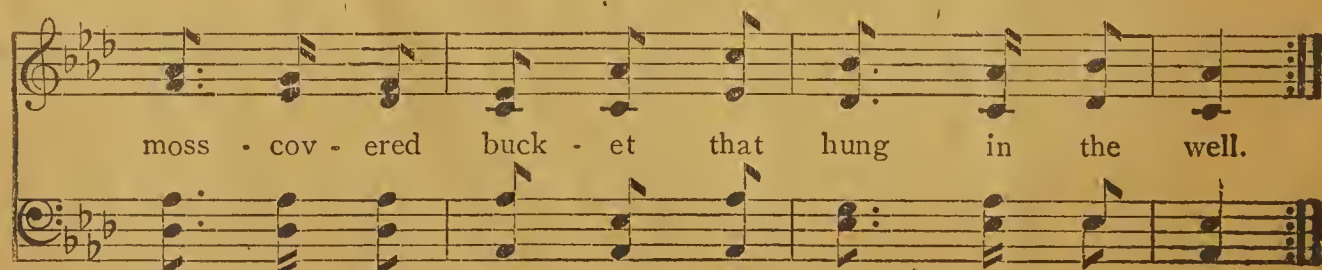


mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - ar - act fell. }  
dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }  
hands that were glow - ing, And quick to the white peb - bled bot - tom it fell. }  
truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. }  
loved hab - i - ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, }  
fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. }

## CHORUS.



The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound buck - et, The



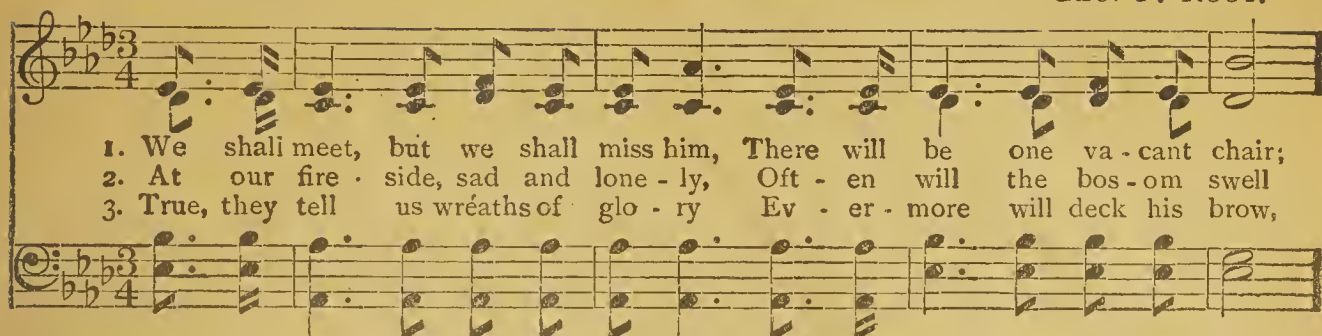
moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.



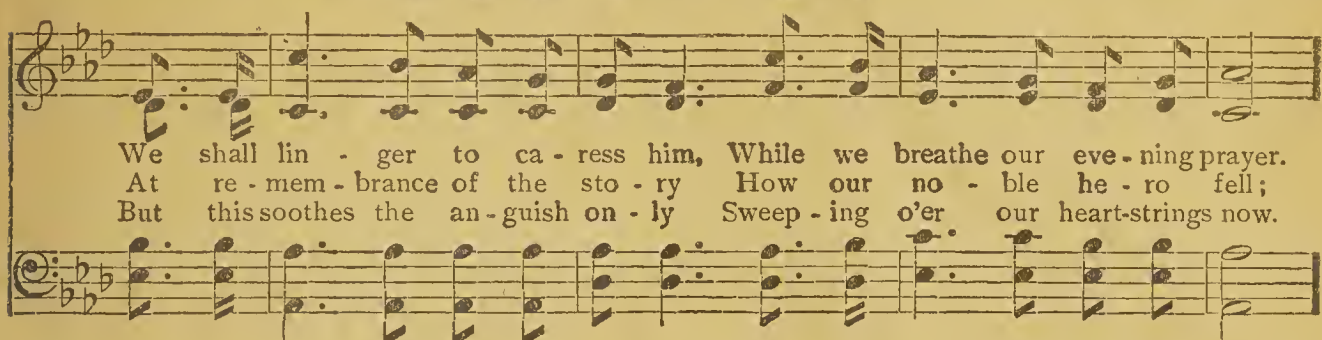
# THE VACANT CHAIR.

H. S. WASHBURN.


GEO. F. ROOT.



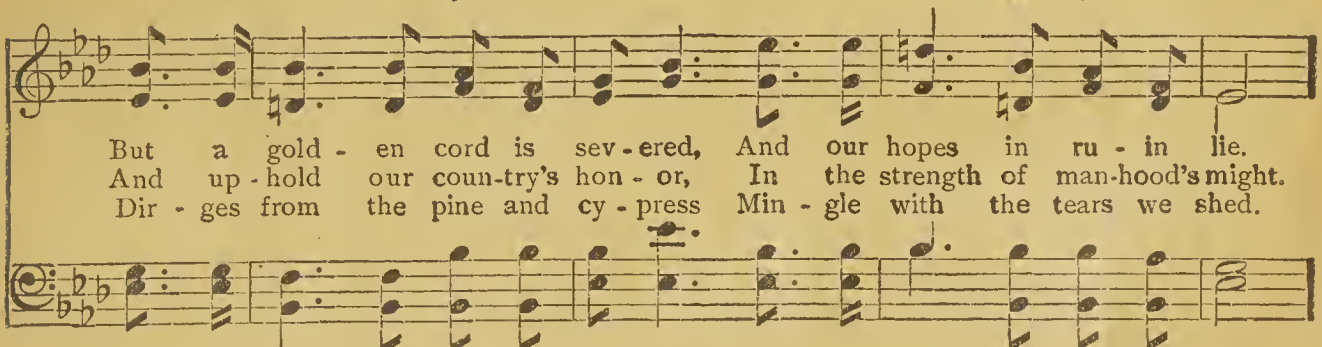
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair;  
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell  
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow,



We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer.  
 At re-mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble he-ro fell;  
 But this soothes the an-guish on-ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now.

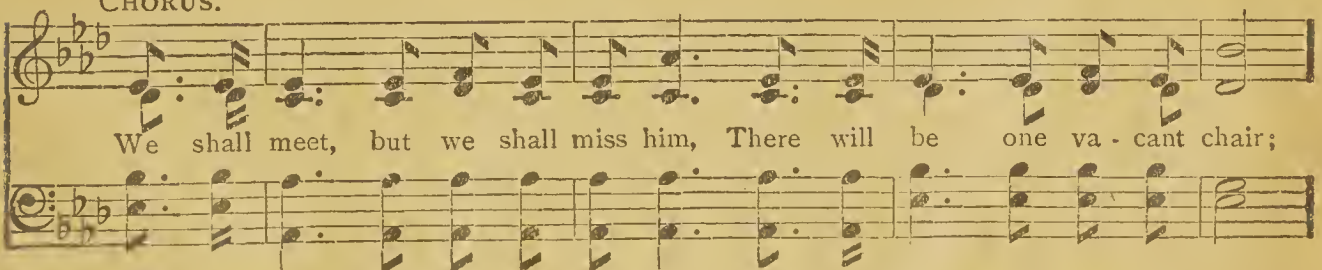


When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye,  
 How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight,  
 Sleep to-day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed,

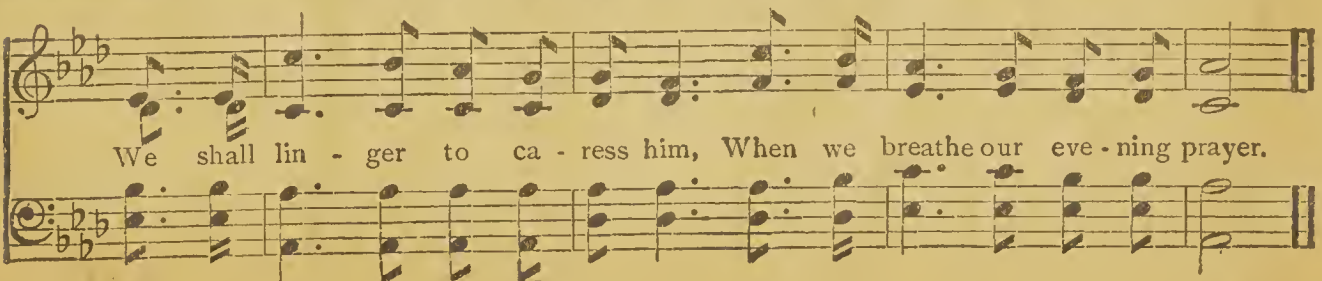


But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.  
 And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.  
 Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press Min-gle with the tears we shed.

## CHORUS.



We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair;



We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe our eve-ning prayer.



## JUANITA.

Mrs. NORTON.

Spanish Air.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mountain,  
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?

## REFRAIN.

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta, Jua ni-ta!  
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta, Jua - ni-ta!

Ask my soul if we should part! Ni-ta, Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart!  
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta, Jua - ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

\* Pronounced Wak-ne-ta.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Scotch Air.

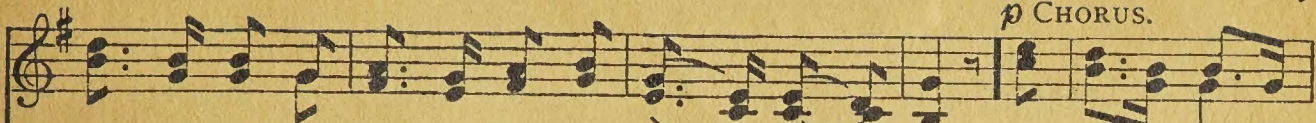
1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should  
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've  
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But  
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



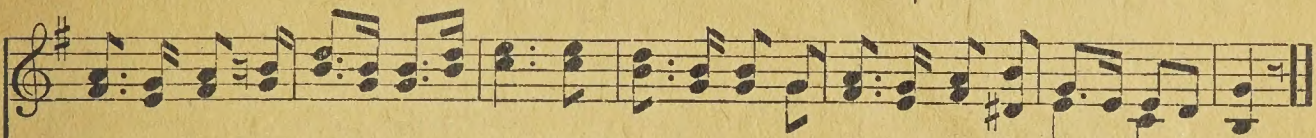
# AULD LANG SYNE.

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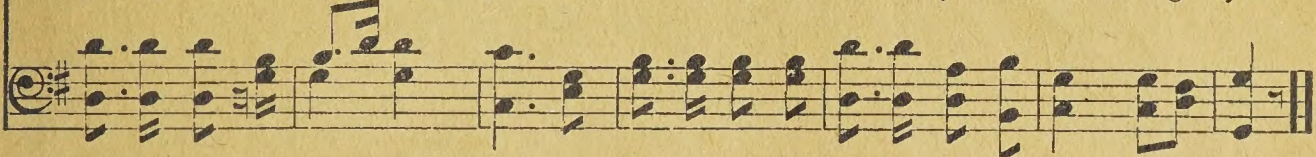
*p* CHORUS.



auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang  
wan-dered mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
seas be-tween us braid hae roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

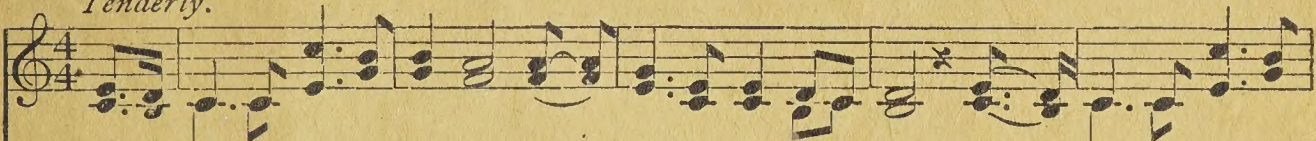


## ANNIE LAURIE.

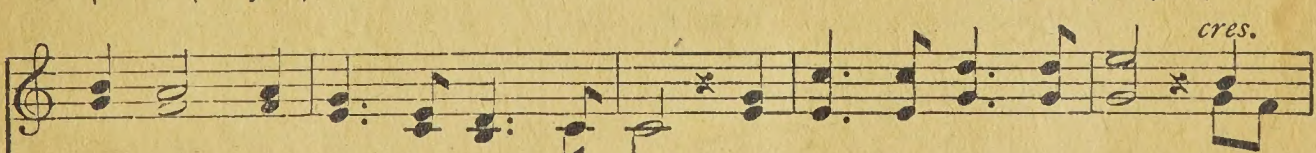
Lady JOHN SCOTT.

Scotch Air. Arr.

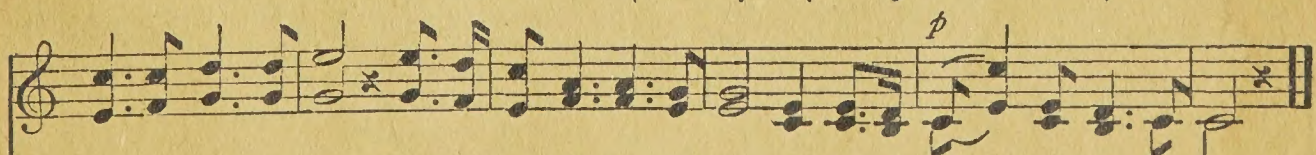
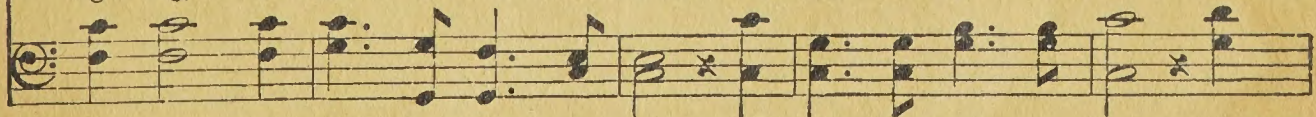
*Tenderly.*



1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th'gowanly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fai-ry feet, And like winds in summer



Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her prom-ise true, Which  
fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And  
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And



ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.





# SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

J. BARNBY.

*pp Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing  
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to  
ALTO. — O - ver the  
ALTO. — Fa - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of . . . the west, Un - der the sil - ver  
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of . . . the west,

me, . . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. . . .  
moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .



# SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

31

JOHANNA KINKEL.

*mf Andante.* *poco rit.* *mf*

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me. But  
 2. No more shall I be - hold thee, Or to my heart en - fold thee; In  
 3. I'll think of thee with long - ing, When that's with tears come throng - ing; And

*cres.* *f* *p*

know what - e'er be - falls me I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -  
 war's ar - ray ap - pear - ing, The foe's stern hosts are near - ing. Fare -  
 on the field, if ly - ing, I'll breathe thy dear name dy - ing, Fare -

*tranquillo a molto espress.* *f* *fz* *rit.* *pp*

well, fare - well! My own true love! Fare - well, fare - well, My own true love!

# STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

J. B. WOODBURY.

*p Andante.* *poco cres.*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your  
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in  
 3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

*pp* *dim.*

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
 slum - bers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

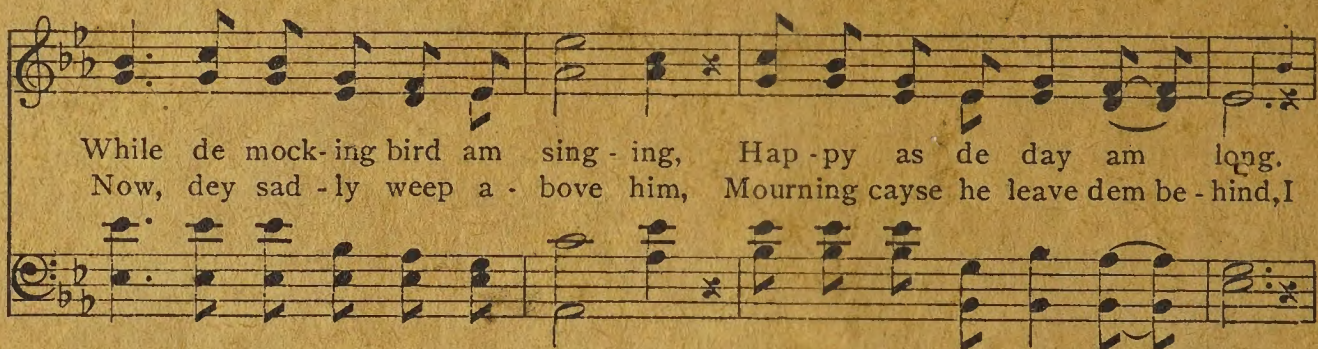


# MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

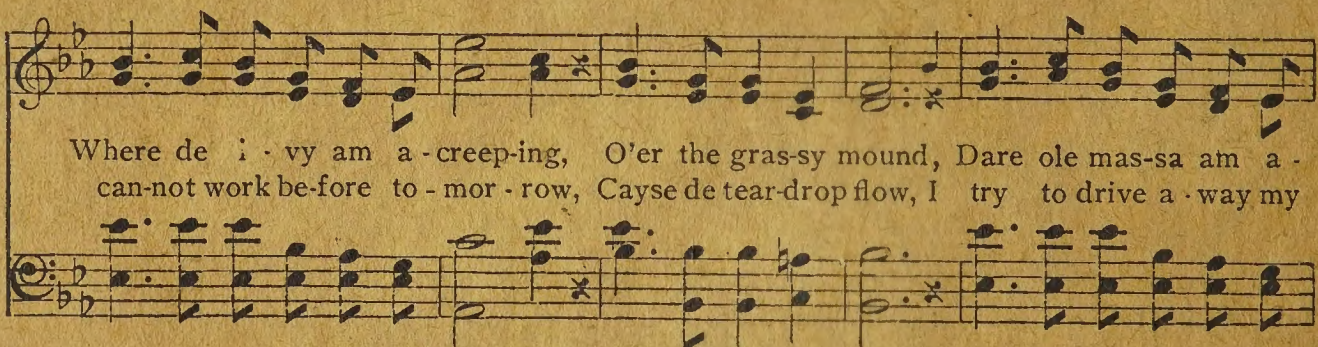
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark - ies mourn-ful song,  
2. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, Cayse he was so kind,

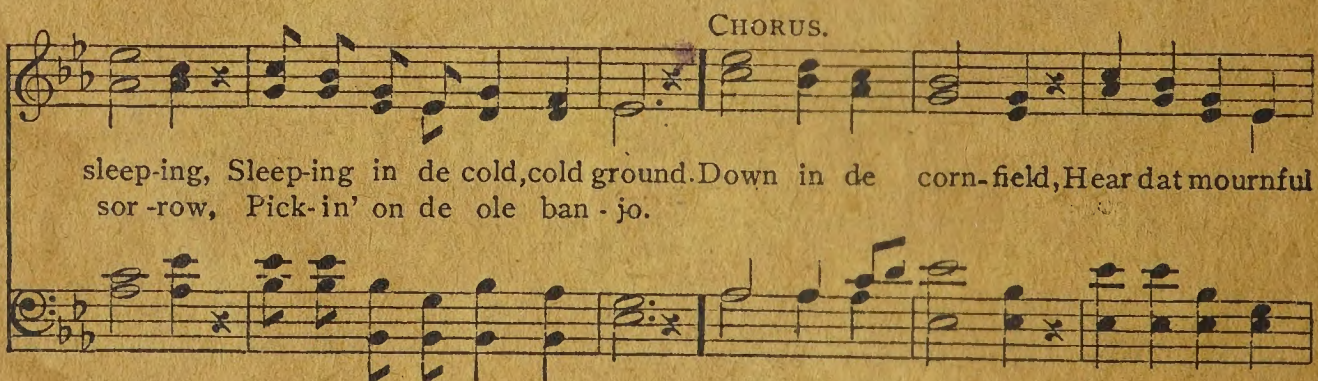


While de mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.  
Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind, I

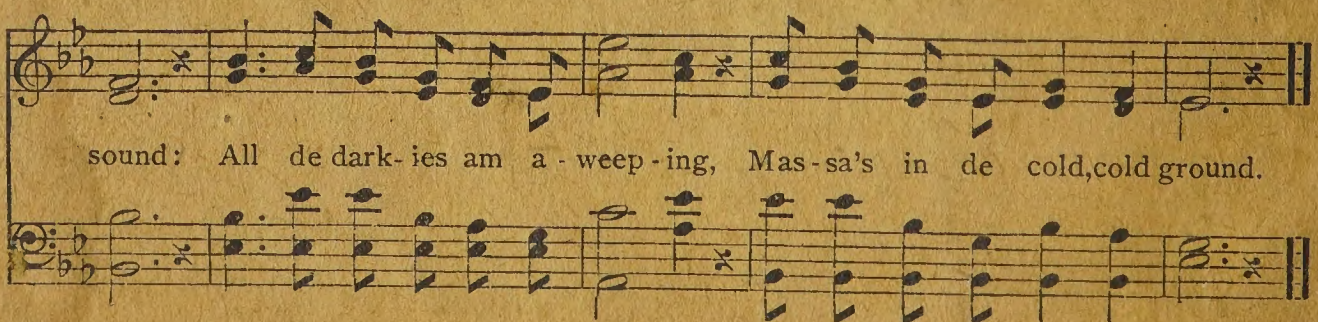


Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing, O'er the gras-sy mound, Dare ole mas-sa am a -  
can-not work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drop flow, I try to drive a - way my

CHORUS.



sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mournful  
sor-row, Pick-in' on de ole ban - jo.



sound: All de dark-ies am a - weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.